

The most Illustrious Prince Fredericke, by the grace of God King of Bohemia, Count Palatine of the Rhine, Prince Elector, Duke of Bauaria, Marquis of Moravia, Duke of Silesia, Marquis of Lusatia, &c. And of the High and mighty Princesse Elizabeth his Queen.



You Metropolitan City of the States,
 Of famous Bohem, Joy be in thy Gates:
 Let all thy bluer tuned Instruments
 Echo, from off thy Ancient battlements,
 In uniuersall harmony of Joy,
 Sent downe from Heau'n, in midl of thine annoy:
 May, in the ayre! eternall muschke dwelle,
 That echoes from thy now=Triumphant bell,
 whch beating on Moldavia's smooched streme,
 with a sweete murmur, may report the Theame
 Of thy great Happines, and tell Silesia,
 Moravia, Lurzenberg, Lusatia,
 And great Bauaria, and let them tell
 It, to the world, as farre as Christians dwelle.
 And thou (O Fame) be perfect woman now,
 We all thy Tongues, weare them, and we doe vow,
 When they are worne, and time hath made them olde,
 They shall be ripe againe, with Indian Golde:
 Goe Fame, and tell the world, the Prophesie
 Of auncient Spbill, now, is prou'd no ly:
 Capistran did affirme what shee did sing,
 And Heauen confirms it, FRIDERICKE now is King
 Elected of Bohemia, give G D D praise,
 Hesent him thee, to bring thee halcion dayes,
 To take thee by the hand, and manumit
 Thee from thy seritude, to plucke the Wit
 Of too hard Curse, from out thy tender mouth,
 And free thee, from the slauerie of the South:
 Now may thy Dead, in peace possesse their Tombes,
 Thy Babes be borne, not borne from out the wombes
 Of their distressed Mothers: Virgins, now,
 As pure as Innocencie, pay the Woe
 Promist their Husbands beds, no cursed slau,
 Shall rauish bones from out the silent Graue
 Of holy Martyrs; no damin'd hand desile
 Thy Sacred Temples; no foul tongue reutle
 Thy godly Ministers; all thy dayes bee
 As was the first Prague when he entred thee:
 Oh, then give thankes (all ye Bohemian States)
 He bringes a Jubile within your Gates.
 They all oppugne the Heavens Diuinitie,
 Who say there is no influence from the skie
 On earthly bodies, for they now may see
 The Sunne in Leo: can there, can there bee

A more remarkable intelligence,
 In this Election of Heauens prouidence?
 To prove Heauens hand therein, I thinke may be,
 One Month, one Day, saw him first Man, first King:
 May more, the Month that bears an Emperors name,
 Pronoucereth Maestrie, added to Fame:
 When he was Crown'd, the glory of the Skies
 Disfolud two Miles, gave him two victories.
 The Lyon of the Tribe of Leah's Sonne,
 Was in the midl of you, when this was done.
 (Graue Statesmen of Bohemia) which did guide
 You in Election, of so good a Guide,
 And did inspire you to choose him alone,
 Wholke power can adde more Lyons to your owne:
 And to this Pythagorian nom ier, Foure,
 He may haue furtherance from the Lyons more:
 Lyons like those, with Daniel, in the Den,
 Sparing the good, consuming wicked men:
 And in the Field, when you defend your Right,
 A Lyon leades you, then, who dares not fight?
 This Lyon comes for to protect, with Sword,
 The holy Gospell, Iudah's Lyons wo:de.
 Hus, Luther, Caluin, in your Wenes reioice,
 Gods word doth propagate, by Friderick's choyce;
 You are the thre, holde vp the word of G D D,
 And Heauen doth ioy in you, a number odde:
 Hus (worthy euuen of Characters of Golde)
 That Gospels truth to you, did first, vnfolde,
 Taught him in England, when as there did shyne
 A renoun'd Starre, Wycliffe that great Dwyne:
 Whos Scholler Hus was, in Diuinitie,
 At Oxford, the whole worlds best Micerie:
 And loe, the Truth, that 'mongst you doth reinaue,
 A Sonne of Englands comes for to maintaine
 A worthy Huslise, a true Ziska hee,
 (Anre'd in Religions true integritie)
 Gods foes shall feare, as much, where he doth come,
 As if that Ziska's skin were on his Dym:
 See how the Shauelings poste away, amaine,
 As if that Ziska's Dym were come againe!
 Goe on (braue Prince) goe on, and never Cease,
 Untill thy Warre make a true blessed Peace,
 Promist to her by happy Bugaries
 Unheard of herherto; A swarne of Bees

Following thy Armie, in so Colde a time
 Is October, and so colde a Clime,
 Fore-tels vs plainly, that, in spight of Hate,
 True Peace, and Plenty shall attend thy State:
 And which more force of argument doth giue,
 The Hony-birds, being taken, yet doe liue:
 Oh, I could comment all my life, away,
 Upon the Bugarie was seene, that day,
 That men by their owne Industry shall thriue,
 Each Souldiers Helmet shall be made a Hune:
 And that each Subiect best shall please the King,
 That to this Hune, doth ware and Hony bring:
 And that the King will banish from his Throne,
 As one abhor'd, the ast-consuming Drome;
 And that the world may know, Bohemia's King,
 Hath Hony for his Friends, for Foes a sting.
 Relate (my Muse) and doe not let me mis,
 Another Bugarie, as great as this,
 That day wherein he entred, first, the Prague,
 (A City much infected with the Plague)
 No Christian there, to Death, Deaths due did giue,
 whch shewes a generall suffrage, all did pray
 (Je see-nes) that they might liue to see that Day.
 And yet a third, no lesse then were those two,
 And more auspicious, if you marke it too,
 For neare that very time (as we may deeme)
 That he was borne, who did the world re-deeme,
 The King and Queene sitting to Dine together,
 The Queene rose sodainly and went whither
 The Illus tels, for (Dinner hardly done)
 The Ladys brought the King a goodly Sonne:
 wholke quicke deliverance, plainly doth declare,
 The Prince made hast to bryng Bohemian ayre;
 A welcome dish of Fruyt, may shee haue suc*h*
 Gods plenty, since her Name imports so much.
 Psal: 72.
 Oh God, that hast this glorious worke begun,
 Thy Judgements to the King, give to his Sonne
 Thy righteouesnes, and so with equitie
 Hee shall thy people Judge, with Loyaltie
 They him obey, so shall he safelyaigns
 Heere, and in Heaven, a Crowne Eternall gaine.
 F. J. S. I. S.